

State Normal Magazine

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Autumn Leaves

Mary Hunter, '12, Cornelian

Whirling and fluttering, so swiftly they fall,
The yellow-brown leaves from the poplars tall,
Under the trees that shiver with cold
And moan and sigh as the northwind bold
Whistles his shrill-voiced call.

From the neighboring pines comes an answering
sob

Of pitying grief that the winter should rob,
Of their beautiful colors, their covering so warm,
The friends they had tried to shield from harm;
And quiveringly mingles sob with sob.



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Some Distinguished Negroes of North Carolina

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian

The slavery records of North Carolina afford us instances of worthy achievements among the negroes of that day, and make us wonder at the varied forms of success some attained. It is the purpose of this paper to deal with several of these men who accomplished really remarkable things.

A great many people measure success by money. To them, especially, will the life of John C. Stanley be interesting. Stanley, born at New Bern, was a mulatto, the son of an African-born slave woman brought to North Carolina before the Revolution. In 1808 he was made free by the Legislature at the petition of Mrs. Lydia Stewart, into whose possession he had come. He married a free negro woman and had three sons, John, Alexander and Charles. His family was wont to hold itself aloof from the other negroes around.

By trade Stanley was a barber, and in this work laid the foundations of his fortune. He was also a discounteer of notes. White men who did not care to carry on this work openly entered into partnership with him, and he was very successful. Soon after obtaining his freedom he began to acquire slaves and lands in his own name. It was not long until he possessed several plantations and sixty-four slaves, with as many more bound free negroes under his control. He amassed a fortune of forty thousand dollars, although in his old age he lost much of it through bad management. Although he was freed,

he served his former mistress, Mrs. Stewart, until her death. After she became too feeble to go about alone Stanley would support her in her walks and on her way to church. This side of his nature tells us why he came to be popular even with his own slaves over whom he ruled with a hard hand.

Another man who did remarkable things financially, and in other ways too, was Lunsford Lane. He was the slave of Mr. Sherwood Haywood, a prominent citizen of Raleigh. His parents were family servants and so he had opportunities beyond the majority of his race. He early learned to read and write; he received much benefit from the political speeches he heard and from the prominent men who visited at his master's house. He waited on LaFayette during that gentleman's visit to Raleigh in 1824 and was deeply impressed by the Frenchman's love of liberty. He was also lastingly impressed by a remark of Dr. McPheeters, a Presbyterian minister at Raleigh: "It is impossible to enslave an intelligent people." From that time on his desire for freedom grew, and he saved all his spare money to that end. The negro life in the town also encouraged his love of liberty. The negroes of the town were allowed, for a while, to hold religious and social gatherings where they might talk over the lives of their masters and the happenings of the day. Of course the tendency of these was to foster the idea of freedom.

As soon as he was grown Lunsford married a slave of Mr. William Boylan, also of Raleigh. Soon after, Mr. Boylan was obliged to sell the woman, but allowed her to choose her purchaser. She was a Methodist and finally decided she would be happiest in a Methodist home, so designated a Mr. Smith as her future master. Her husband was a Baptist. Mr. Smith neglected his slave, knowing Lunsford would not let her suffer. Most of the money the negro had saved to purchase his freedom now had to go to support his wife. The rest was lost through bad investments. So he had to begin all over again to work for his freedom. He hired his time for from one hundred to one hundred and twenty dollars per year, and with his father began the manufacture of a certain kind of smoking tobacco. This venture proved successful, and in

eight years he was able to buy himself from his mistress for one thousand dollars. Mr. Smith, his wife's master, effected the purchase for him, as a slave had no standing in law. Then, since in North Carolina a slave could be freed only for worthy service, Mr. Smith took him to New York and had the freedom papers issued there.

Lunsford now began to devote himself to the task of buying his wife and children. He enlarged his business and also opened a wood yard. He bought a home for five hundred dollars and gave Mr. Smith five notes of five hundred dollars each for his wife and children. In order that the white people might not think that his success had a bad effect on the slaves, he dressed and acted just as a slave and took care not to appear a leader of the negroes.

He worked at the capitol as janitor and messenger boy for quite a while. To the better class of whites his success was gratifying, but to some, especially "the poor white trash", his presence became very objectionable. They began to take active steps to run him out of the country. Under a law which forbade a free negro from another state to live in North Carolina, Lane was indictable, for he had been freed in New York. Accordingly, on November 1, 1840, he was notified to leave the state. His friends acted vigorously in his behalf, but were unable to help him. He left Raleigh without his family and journeyed to New York. There he was given permission to lecture through the north to obtain funds for the liberation of his wife and children. Enough money being secured in one year, he, in 1842, asked for permission to return to Raleigh to settle affairs there. No absolute permission could be given, but he was told he could probably come with safety, provided he stayed no longer than twenty days. His friends were mistaken, however. He was arrested for "delivering abolition lectures in the State of Massachusetts." A mob was so enraged when this charge was dismissed in the mayor's court, that a lynching was with difficulty prevented. They did tar and feather him. But, through the mayor, his business with Mr. Smith was transacted, and he left home, this time accompanied by his wife and children, and also his aged mother, whom Mrs. Haywood had given him.

After short stays in Philadelphia and New York, they went to Boston. Lane became a very successful lecturer for the anti-slavery cause in New England. Because of the severe northern climate he moved to Oberlin, Ohio, but soon returned to Boston. There he began the manufacture of a medicine called "Dr. Lane's Vegetable Pills." He continued active in the anti-slavery cause. When or where he died is unknown. The fact, that against the most discouraging opposition, he brought himself and his family from slavery to freedom, and that he won note as a lecturer, proves that he was a remarkable man.

Lunsford Lane worked for his people by opposing slavery with all his might. There were other negroes who aided their race by ministering to their religious life. Ralph Freeman was one of these. He lived in Anson County, near Rocky River Church. Soon after his conversion he felt called to preach, and in the early part of the nineteenth century received license from the Baptist Church. Later he was ordained to the regular ministry. Although he had no special charge, he traveled and preached through his own and adjoining counties. "He was of common size, perfectly black, with smiling countenance. * * * He was very humble in his appearance at all times, and especially when conducting religious exercises."

He and Rev. Joseph Magee, a white minister, traveled and preached much together. When Rev. Magee died in the west, Freeman journeyed there to preach the funeral sermon. He attained a good deal of fame and popularity as a preacher, but fell into some disfavor when he sided with the anti-mission party of his church. We know nothing of him after 1831, when he was compelled to stop preaching by a law passed in that year.

Henry Evans, a full-blooded free negro, was the foremost negro preacher in the Methodist Church at that time. He was originally from Virginia, and while passing through the state on his way to Charleston, South Carolina, came to Fayetteville. He saw a great need among the colored population there, and stopped to preach, working as a shoemaker during

the week. After a while he was ordered by the town council to stop preaching. He then went to the sandhills, and, fearing violence, made his meetings secret and changed the place of meeting from Sunday to Sunday. Soon it was noticed that the negroes who came under his influence were better. Some leading citizens of the town took up his cause and turned popular opinion in his favor. A church was built in the town. The white people began to attend in such large numbers that there were no seats for the negroes. Then the boards were knocked from the sides and sheds built to provide room for them. Soon a white minister was called. But a room was built back of the church for Henry Evans, and there he lived till his death. It was customary to hold a service for the negroes after the one for their masters was ended. On the Sunday before he died, while this second service was going on, Evans came out of his little room, and tottering to the rail, said: "I have come to say my last word to you. It is this: None but Christ. Three times I have had my life in jeopardy for preaching the gospel to you. Three times I have broken the ice and swam across the Cape Fear River to preach the gospel to you, and if in my last hour I could trust to that, or anything but Christ crucified, for my salvation, all should be lost, and my soul perish forever."

Ralph Freeman, Baptist, Henry Evans, Methodist, and John Chavis, Presbyterian, were the negro ministers of that day. John Chavis, a full-blooded free negro, was born in Granville County, near Oxford, it is thought, about 1763. Early showing signs of unusual ability, he was sent by some white men, who wished to see if a negro could take a collegiate education, to Princeton. He was very successful there. From Princeton he came to Virginia to preach to the negroes. In 1805 he moved to North Carolina, but not until 1809 did he receive license from the Orange Presbytery. He continued to preach until forced to stop by the law of 1831, although like Ralph Freeman, he had no regular pastorate. Mr. George Wortham, a Granville lawyer, said of him: "I have heard him read and explain the Scriptures to my father's family repeatedly. * * * He was said to have been an

acceptable preacher, his sermons abounding in strong common sense views and happy illustrations, without any efforts at oratory or sensational appeals to the passions of his hearers."

While well known as a preacher, Chavis was better known as an educator. Soon after his return to North Carolina, he taught in both Granville and Chatham Counties. The best people of the state patronized him. Some of his pupils were W. P. Mangum, afterwards United States Senator, Archibald and John Henderson, sons of Chief Justice Henderson, and Charles Manly, afterwards Governor of North Carolina. Rev. James Horner said: "My father not only went to school to him, but boarded in his family. * * * The school was the best at that time to be found in the state." In 1830 he conducted a school in Raleigh for free negroes. In an address to his pupils he told them that notwithstanding the fact that they had an humble position in life, they could indeed make themselves useful. John Chavis was received as an equal, socially, and invited to table by the most respectable people of the neighborhood. The slaves could not understand this. Of course, in our day of race prejudice such a negro would not be so received. But he was a gentleman, and a man of culture, and as such he was recognized.

Another talented and well educated negro, and nearer our own day, was Rev. J. C. Price, who was born a slave in Elizabeth City. His father was a trained mechanic, his mother an ambitious woman, who worked and slaved to educate her son. Price, a scholar in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, graduated from Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, and held the degrees A. B., A. M., D. D. He was a splendid orator, and although fitted naturally for a politician, he devoted his time to uplifting the educational standards of his people. When he died in October, 1893, his death was bemoaned as even a national loss.

It seems only fitting to close this paper with a sketch of a man who was not famous, who did no especially remarkable thing; but a man who always did his duty faithfully, and who is remembered lovingly by many University men throughout our state today—William Caldwell.

William was born in Chapel Hill, on February 17, 1841.

His mother was a slave of President Swain, his father of President Caldwell. If we remember that for generations back his ancestors had been servants in the homes of prominent people, we can understand why he had so much the manners of a gentleman. At the age of twelve he entered the service of the University. In succession he worked as assistant to the landscape gardener, helper in the chemistry laboratory, and janitor of a portion of the lecture rooms and dormitories. He remained at the college all during the dark days of the Civil War, but in 1868, when offered his old place, he declined on the ground that the wages were not enough. He took an examination, obtained his certificate, and taught in both Orange and Pasquotank Counties. During this time he was made justice of the peace and then commissioner of Chapel Hill, performing his duties to the satisfaction of all. In 1875 he came back to the University and remained there, except for one year, until his death. He worked there over forty years, under five administrations.

William was very happily married. He had twelve children, but seven of these died before their father. He bore all this trouble bravely.

He was faithful at all times and in all respects to his duty; he acted promptly, honestly; he won the friendship and confidence of all; he tried to give service in every sense of the word to the students. At his funeral, Dr. Kemp Battle, in the conclusion of an address, said: "In view of these characteristics of the good man, * * * may we not all of us * * * deplore the death of this faithful servant and gentleman."

In these men we have seen great intellectual and moral ability, love of freedom, the idea of service—qualities in our admiration of which we all are united. How different are these men from the great majority of their race! Is there not always hope that the average negro may be brought nearer the standards so well set up for him? Is there not some way by which he may grow to be a "factor in the civilization of the South rather than a hindrance?"

Major Dorris

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

It seems almost impossible to believe that a town situated on the main line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad would be so isolated from the activities of the modern world as the village of Dublin was. But we had only to see the villagers in their quiet, uneventful lives, holding fast to the customs of the eighteenth century, to know that they were not interested in the affairs of the outside world, but only in the movements of their neighbors. Each one was contented to live the entire year, to have his children educated and "settled" there in Dublin.

But Major Dorris became the exception to this manner of life and broke into the quietness of his own life by sending his son "off to college". The Major, as almost every one called him, had lived a quiet yet influential life here in the village, always attending to the duties of his small farm and then looking out for the welfare of his neighbors. The Major was one of those men who might have been rich had he not been so generous-hearted. He had aided his friends in so many difficulties and had shared with them his good fortune, whenever he had any, that they had come to think of what belonged to the Major as belonging to them, too. And this generosity had at last placed him in such adverse circumstances that he must sell many products of the farm which he had formerly bestowed upon his neighbors, in order to put his son Henry through college. The Major came to the realization that he could no longer *give* things, but that he must sell products in order to pay for the last term of Henry's college course.

Right now in November was the time when one of those products was due. All of his apples must be gathered and barreled. He did not as usual go down street and say, "Well, neighbors, my apples are ready to be used. Just come up when you get ready." But he had them gathered, barreled, and quietly hauled to the station to be shipped. Many of his

neighbors, not prepared for this step from the Major, said, "The old Major is getting mighty stingy nowadays. Guess he is laying up money for that fine college bred son of his." But some few, understanding the Major's circumstances, said, "I can't blame the old man for selling his apples, for he's been giving them away for these thirty years. And he needs the money to pay on that debt, for I doubt if he could raise a hundred dollars in ready money." But all of these things did not make the people in this little country village feel as if the Major had treated them just right. Some mischievous boys, who did nothing except pitch horseshoes and loaf around the station, put their hands in their pockets and winked at each other. "Just let the old gent send 'em off. We will fix him for his stinginess, and make that boy of his wish he was back at college a battin' them balls around." These kind, good, yet very eccentric neighbors never dreamed that they had made any thoughtless remarks which had given the idle boys something to plan for.

In the meantime Major Dorris was busily occupied marketing his fruit. Day after day, with his glasses pulled far down over his nose and his cane in his hand, he worked until all of his apples had been gathered. After he saw all of the fruit securely barreled he went down street telling all of his neighbors his good luck in selling the apples for such a high price; but saying he wished he might have given them more. A few seemed enthusiastic with him, but almost all seemed indifferent to his good fortune. The same boys who had said, "We will fix him," walked behind him and sneeringly called out, "Apples! Apples for sale!"

The Major, thinking they were as usual planning some bit of fun, said to them: "Well, I wonder what piece of fun you boys are planning for now? We ought to have something to employ you."

One of the boys answered him: "We've got a plan that will employ us and somebody else, too."

"Well, boys, have your fun, but be careful you don't get in trouble or harm anybody," answered the Major.

The affairs of both the town and the Major moved quietly along for about three weeks. Major Dorris kept on receiving

bountiful returns from the apples and he was as delighted with the money he received from them as a child is with his first toy balloon. He talked about it with his wife and son and he talked about it with his neighbors. Of course his family was glad with him, and many of his neighbors, but the same boys who threatened him remarked, "If the Major has so much money, we will see if we can give him a chance to spend some of it."

This happy state of the Major's was not permitted to last long, for one morning when he walked out on the porch he found an envelope lying there addressed to him in very bold writing. Thinking it was an old letter he started to put it in his pocket, but on the second thought he sat down, put on his glasses and opened the letter. He read the letter slowly. He rubbed his forehead and muttered: "Me? What have I done? And where could I get that much?" Then he read the letter again and leaned his head on his cane and moaned: "Something must be done. My family's welfare endangered—my life—or five hundred dollars must be placed under the church steps at 9 o'clock on December 5th—I must bring the money myself. I must carry a lantern—swing it three times—in the air—or I must die or maybe, worse than all, Martha or Henry will be harmed. May the Lord help me to get the money somewhere—but where?"

The Major rose from his seat an older man, leaning heavier upon his cane than he had ever done before. He walked slowly and tottering into the house, with his head down in deep thought. He went blindly in and sank down in a chair. His wife found him with his head bowed over the open letter, muttering slowly, "My—family—endangered."

Mrs. Dorris, thinking he was only worrying over some trifle, said: "Now, Major, what silly thing are you racking your brain over?"

When she saw his stricken face she hurried to him, only to be handed the letter. As she read the letter an expression of horror spread over her face, but, as usual, she said bravely, "Why Major, this can't be meant for *you*?"

"Yes, yes, my name was written on the envelope. Tell me, Martha, what have I done that God should send such pun-

ishment on me? Is it because I could not give my apples? O! if I was the only one threatened I could bear it."

When Henry came home to his lunch he found his old grey-headed father bent over, with his hair roughed up and his eyes set on the floor mumbling such words that would move the strongest man. All Henry's attempted jollity seemed only mockery and he could do nothing to direct his father's attention to other things.

Two of the Major's friends, Colonel Smith and Allen Keister, were sent for. They came with the pretense of seeing him about some matter pertaining to the school. They entered in a jocular mood, but seeing their friend so wrought up over what seemed to them at first only a trifle, they, too, became serious. They advised him to let the matter pass unnoticed, but Major Dorris, fearing some harm might be done to his family, would not agree.

"O yes," he said, "I'll borrow the money from some one, but how will I let them know I intend to put it there? It's four days until time. O, they can do anything to us in that time! Why won't they take me only? Martha and Henry weren't the cause of me not giving them the apples. Something must be done before nightfall."

"Major," Colonel Smith replied lightly, "don't become so wrought up and agitated over such an affair. We will manage that all right. Now, you just be quiet and let us manage this business."

The Major, feeling that his friends were more capable than he, allowed them to bid him good-afternoon while he begged them to leave no stone unturned; and they promised to see that his enemies, if he had any, did not carry out their treacherous plans.

Mrs. Dorris, having regained her composure, tried to induce Major to eat something and then take an afternoon nap. But not succeeding in this, she tried to persuade him to take some medicine, but again he refused so forcibly that she had to be silent. Instead of the Major becoming more quiet and composed, he began to slowly walk the floor, shaking his head all the time.

The nearer that night approached, the more agitated Major Dorris became. Finally he cried out desperately: "Martha! Henry! Have the doors and windows barred and have some guards placed around the house. They may kill us all this very night."

Mrs. Dorris protested, saying that the neighbors would think they were old and scary. And no one *could* hurt them with their boy Henry in the house. But in order to satisfy the Major, Mrs. Dorris sent to Colonel Smith to have some one to bar the doors and windows and bring a guard.

Colonel Smith, in the meantime, had done nothing except deciding to spend the night with the Major in order to keep him quiet. He thought it quite unnecessary, indeed, almost ridiculous, to have the doors and windows barred and guards placed around the house, but in order to satisfy the Major he had these things done. After he got there he found some light pieces of plank, which they tacked across the doors and windows. The Major, thinking that iron pieces were securely fastened on both doors and windows, finally became quiet. He consented to eat a little supper and in a short time afterwards was sleeping peacefully except occasionally he would mutter: "What have I done? Why did I sell the apples?"

He slept right well for several hours, but finally he awoke in a terrible fright, crying out: "I know they will burn us alive! I smell smoke! Go, Martha! Run, Henry, for your life! Let them burn me, but save yourselves!" With these words he sank back entirely exhausted.

The family physician was called in, but he said he could do nothing. There was only one thing to be done. This nervous strain must be relieved. And it must be done at once, or the Major could not live five days. He would recommend a change, but of course such a thing could not be thought of until the Major's physical and mental conditions had improved.

They tried talking to him on every subject to draw his attention, but he would answer every question with something from the anonymous letter. Mrs. Dorris brought up the question of having a new orchard planted. She said:

"Major, where do you think will be the best place to put our new orchard?"

"O Martha! They said swing the lantern three times above my head and put it under the church steps at 9 o'clock."

Major Dorris' condition gradually grew worse. Nothing they could do or say did or could attract his attention. He was confined to his bed, but he talked incessantly and without much meaning until he became so weak that all he could do was to toss his head about and mutter.

Four days after he had received this letter, and on the afternoon before the money was to be carried to the designated spot, Major Dorris died, mumbling broken words:

"What—have I—done—Martha's—Henry's welfare—.

Although Major Dorris lay a corpse, Colonel Smith dressed as nearly like Major Dorris as possible and went at the appointed hour, carrying the lantern. He swung the lantern three times and placed an envelope with a small amount of money in it under the church steps. He walked quietly and unmolested back to the house. When Major Dorris' body was carried to the church next day, the money was still there under the steps.

The entire village grieved and lamented the Major's death. Many of them, not knowing the conditions for the past few days of the Dorris home, did not nor could not understand his short illness and his sudden death. The villagers understood when they walked up to the casket to look at the Major's face, that they had lost their leader. And all the villagers but five cowed and humbled boys, who stood silently with their heads down, wept as the funeral songs were sung.

Inland Waterways of North Carolina

Kate R. Styron, '12, Cornelian

One of the earliest dreams of John Calhoun, who lived at the time the United States were forming their government and laying the foundation of their mighty power and influence, was for a great commercial intercourse brought about by internal improvements. He, as many others, believed that no people on the earth, whether beneath the hot sun of the tropical regions or in the cool climes of the far north, could prosper and become a great nation or state unless there existed a commercial intercourse between towns, cities, states and provinces. This commercial intercourse made possible by the construction of wagon roads and canals would not only make the wealth of the country more uniform but would unite the people.

This dream was worthy of a great mind—worthy of a great mind in that it has proven to be the link which has held and is holding the people of all nationality together; has given and is giving them a common interest. Now for many years the construction of roads and improvement of waterways have been great factors in the commercial history of the people of the United States. Just glance at the other nations of the world and ask the question, "Have they been without commerce?" What answers do you get? Do you doubt for a moment that the great European nations would have lived as long as they have without commerce? No, for commerce is to the nation what the veins are to the body. Through both pour the life giving and sustaining element of the state and nation. The inland waterways are the great arteries through which pass this commerce of the state.

The inland waterways of North Carolina are of the greatest national and local importance. They are of national or coast-wise importance in that all ports south of Cape Hatteras, "Graveyard of the Atlantic", would have a safe and cheap means of transportation to New York, Baltimore and other northern cities. The congestion of freight on railroads would

be relieved. These inland waterways would act as a regulator of rates. The largest rivers in North Carolina are navigable for only a short distance. The towns on these rivers, which could be made navigable all the way by little dredging, have no means of transporting their products except over railroads. And when this is the only means of transportation for a town in a large trucking section there are delays and congestions in freight. The farmers in sections of this kind lose thousands of dollars annually. The inland waterways, that is the improvement of rivers and canals, would avoid all delays and loss of money to the people of North Carolina.

The policy of the national government has been to appropriate each year a sum of money for the improvement of the inland waterways of the United States. The government has been very generous to the State of North Carolina. The present bill for North Carolina rivers and harbors, including the House bill of \$390,000, is \$1,760,000, \$500,000 of which was secured April 5, 1910, by Senator Simmons. This large appropriation means much in the near future for the development of North Carolina, for both the east and west will be opened to deep water navigation.

These inland waterways of North Carolina are of two distinct types: the inland waterways from Boston to Jacksonville, Florida; and the rivers, harbors and canals of the state.

Not many years ago when the construction of a big canal from Boston to Jacksonville was proposed, one prominent legislator refused to give his assent to the undertaking because, as he said, "commerce would be floated on such a waterway on the tears of the taxpayers." This was the sentiment of a few years ago, but this idea with the advance of invention has passed away. And at present the billion dollar inter-coastal waterway from Boston to Jacksonville is more than a mere dream; it is a budding reality. Whatever doubt there may have been about this great inland waterway was swept away when Congress in its Rivers and Harbors Bill authorized a survey of the entire route. The building of this great canal will not take place until the engineers have completed the survey, estimated the cost, and reported the same to Congress, which must then make an appropriation to cover the cost of

the project. By this act of authorizing the survey, the government has taken its greatest step towards cementing the North and South not only commercially but socially. The vast usefulness of this inter-coastal canal from Boston to Jacksonville in expanding the scope of the seaboard markets, in increasing the wealth of the country, in saving millions of lives from the graveyards of Hatteras and Cape Cod, manifests itself each year, each month and each week.

The materialization of this great project will be brought about by the persistent efforts of an organization known as the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association. This organization was born in 1907 in Philadelphia, when over five hundred prominent men and legislators met at the invitation of Congressman J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, and after a session of three days attracted the attention of thirty million people on the Atlantic seaboard to their long neglected opportunities for coastal improvements and expansion. This movement, as it might be called, spread into every state along the Atlantic. The next year, with the original number of delegates doubled, they met in Baltimore with Congressman J. H. Moore. The result of this gathering was the present survey authorized. This convention held its third annual meeting last year in the city of Norfolk, where President Taft, one of the principal speakers, gave assurance that the coastal chain will eventually be linked up.

This great enterprise has been variously estimated from one hundred million to a billion dollars, but not until the engineers have completed their work will the exact outlay that will be required be known. This survey will be made with a view of having a minimum depth of twenty-five feet from Boston to Beaufort and from there to Jacksonville a minimum depth of twelve feet.

This proposed inter-coastal canal from Boston to Jacksonville is planned along the following route: Boston to the Tanton River at Weir village, to Fall River, to the protected waters of the Narragansett Bay, about three miles above Duch Island Harbor across a divide to the Pettaquamscott River, then through another small divide to Point Judith Pond, thence through the ponds and lagoons along lower Rhode

Island to Watch Hill, into Little Narragansett Bay, passing Stonington Harbor, to Fisher's Island Sound at New London; thence to New York Bay, up the Raritan River to New Brunswick, New Jersey, and into the Delaware and Raritan canal, to Bordentown on the Delaware River; down the widening Delaware to Delaware City and into the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, to the Back River and down the Chesapeake to Norfolk; then into the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal or Dismal Swamp canal of North Carolina. This Chesapeake and Albemarle runs due east, fifteen miles to North Landing River, the Dismal Swamp canal runs south; both connect the same waters. The Chesapeake and Albemarle cut passes through an exceptional stretch of swampland and into the North Landing River to Currituck Sound, through the "North Carolina cut"—another short strip of canal. Currituck Sound is left behind and the North River entered. This leads to Pamlico Sound; in crossing this water, the mouth of Adam's Creek, a branch of the Neuse River, is reached; from Adam's Creek the waterway extends on up Davis Creek to head of Core Creek, then into the Newport River to Beaufort; from Beaufort the course leads through the sounds to Cedar Point and Snead's Ferry to Sloop Point, in the middle of the coast of Onslow Bay; thence to Smithville on the channel cutting Smith's Island from the mainland at Cape Fear, into Long Bay and along the lagoons of South Carolina to Georgetown; thence through canals and bays to Charleston, and then to Savannah. From there the course takes almost a straight cut through the channels behind Ossabam, St. Catherine, Black Beard, Wolf, and St. Simmons Islands into the St. Andrews Bay; then past the Cumberland Island into Cumberland Sound and the city of Fernandina, a short cut back of Amelia Island to Jacksonville, Florida.

There are in North Carolina nearly two thousand miles of navigable rivers. With the exception of the Cape Fear, no one of these rivers has an outlet to the sea and is navigable the whole distance. Eight of these rivers, the Scuppernong, Pamlico, Tar, Neuse, Trent, Beaufort Inlet, Cape Fear, and Shallote Rivers have had extensive improvements done on

them for the last few years. The cut at Beaufort and the Cape Fear River are of most noteworthy interest.

The cut at Beaufort lies behind Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout. It will avoid the terrors and dangers of Diamond Shoals which jut out into the sea for fifteen miles from Cape Hatteras. This cut and inlet protected, as it were, by the children of nature, will be a natural harbor of refuge, accessible from the ocean, with an ample depth for the largest craft and capable of accommodating the merchant marine of the world. Engineers have reported that a comparatively small sum will make this a modern harbor of refuge. In a few years, after the completion of the Panama canal, Beaufort will be one of the great coaling stations for the merchant marine of the world. She will rank first among the cities of the South. In a few years, indeed, she will surpass Norfolk, Savannah, and Charleston. For, situated as she is, the trade of the world will enter her harbor, bringing with it wealth, population, and commerce. Not only Beaufort but all the surrounding country will be affected. The influx of people will spread out into the country, and will reclaim the land now covered with stagnant waters. Here green fields, once marsh lands, will spring up and flourish. And this surrounding country will become one of the greatest trucking sections in the South. Millions of dollars will be put into the hands of the farmers of eastern North Carolina, thus making North Carolina a wealthier and stronger state.

This inlet will provide a deep-water outlet to the ocean for the inland waterways of North Carolina. The original project, which is the present one, contemplates a channel three hundred feet wide, twenty feet deep at mean low water, across the bar, to be obtained by dredging at a cost of \$45,000. When the work began in September, 1905, there was a depth on the bar of twelve feet at mean low water, and a channel of twenty feet. At the present date the depth is about twenty feet, with a channel of two hundred feet. In all about sixty-five per cent. of the project is completed. The commerce for 1908 compared with commerce for 1907 shows a gain of nearly thirty-three per cent. The effect of the improvement on this inlet will be to lessen freight rates by affording transportation

for products which have been hitherto dependent upon railroads.

The Cape Fear River is the river in North Carolina at the present date which is of the most interest and importance. It is of the most interest and importance because more improvements have been made on it than any other river in North Carolina, and because Congress has been very generous to it and the sections of the country through which it passes.

The condition of the Cape Fear River when work began was a channel badly obstructed above Kelly's Cove by logs and with a low water depth of from four to one foot to Fayetteville. The original project which was determined upon in 1881 was to clear the river to Fayetteville and obtain a continuous channel of four feet deep to Elizabethtown, three feet to Fayetteville, at a cost of \$275,000. About thirty per cent. of this project has been completed. In June, 1902, another project was adopted to obtain by canalizing, a low water depth of eight feet to Fayetteville at an estimated cost of \$1,350,000. The work of the last year consisted in removing obstructions in the river. The appropriation which Congress made this year towards the furthering of this project will be used for the most to the dredging of the channel.

The conditions of the Cape Fear below Wilmington prior to the opening of the new inlet which occurred during a storm in 1761 is uncertain, but old maps indicate a low water depth of fourteen feet across the bar at the mouth, the least depth between Wilmington and the mouth being seven and five-tenths feet. The work on the bar was first begun in 1853, when the depth was increased to nine feet. Improvements have been going on ever since 1853, until at present there is from the ocean to the lower end of Reaves' Point Shoal a twenty-two foot mean low water channel with a width of one hundred and fifty feet. At Reaves' Point the channel is twenty feet deep and two hundred and seventy feet wide, and from Reaves' Point to Wilmington there is a channel twenty-two to twenty-four feet deep, of varying widths. The river is now navigable one hundred and fifteen miles up to Fayetteville, the head of navigation. As a result of these improvements vessels coming to Wilmington are much larger than formerly,

with an increase in tonnage. This increase in tonnage has caused a decrease in freight rates on shipments by water. The commerce of the year 1908, which consisted principally of cotton, cotton-seed, fertilizers, naval stores, manufactured lumber, shingles, coal, cross-ties, and general merchandise, amounted to 864,071 tons, valued at \$49,753,175.

These improvements, going on at present and to be carried on in the future, on the rivers and harbors of North Carolina, are of the greatest importance to that state. They are affecting the development of the state more than anything else that is being done at the present time. These improvements on the rivers and harbors are opening up the state from the east to the west. North Carolina will be the state that will be the most benefited by the great inland waterway. When it is completed it will mean the spending of many millions on the opening up of the coast. With the opening up of the coast, eastern North Carolina will become one of the garden spots of the world.

A White Rose

Marianna Justice, '13, Adelprian

A sad, sweet longing;
 Strains of music divine;
The soul of a pure woman;
 A glimpse of God's heavenly shrine.

Vision

Dora Coats, '12, Cornelian

"John, there is your mail that you received today over there on the table," said Mrs. Norton to her husband on his return home from a trip out of town one evening.

"Oh, well, it can wait," answered Dr. Norton, glancing at the pile of mail upon the table in the corner of the room. He sat down in a large Morris chair and turned toward his wife with a grave, serious look on his face. "Grace," he said, "the time has come when something must be done for these poor people around here. If there was only a hospital somewhere near, so much suffering could be relieved. That child that I was called to see today needs surgical treatment and special nursing. He can't have it here at home because the family is in such a poor condition. Money is the one thing lacking. The family are terribly poor and have made great sacrifices even to have the doctors visit the child at home. Now, this is one case out of a dozen. This is a poor community now, but it is growing. The people need some help. A hospital is necessary to their welfare. Oh, if I were as rich as some men are, I would build a hospital here where these poor people could get treatment with as little expense as possible. I do not think that I have ever heard of a community in which there was so much sickness demanding special treatment as this one does now. Oh, if I could do something for them," he ended with a sigh.

His wife, who had drawn her chair up close beside her husband, laid her hand upon his in silent sympathy. She was a slight little woman, with brown wavy hair. Her dark eyes had grown very soft as she listened to her husband. Her face was sweet and kind looking. It was a face that attracted those in trouble especially.

Her husband, as he sat there in silent thought gazing into the fire, looked like a strong, capable man. He was large and well built, with broad, erect shoulders. He had keen, dark eyes, which were filled with a tired look tonight. His features

were clear cut and regular. The look on his face showed him to be a man of strength and great determination.

He sat there in deep reflection for a long time and then suddenly a light came into his face. "I have it, Grace," he said. "I know what I will do. I will ask my father for the money. You know he offered me my share of the estate one time last year, when he retired from business on account of his health. I wouldn't take it then, and he told me that if at any time I needed it, I could have it. Now that I can do some good with it I shall ask him for the money. There will be enough to do a great deal with, and before you know it we will have a hospital here. Yes, I shall see about it right away." Then turning to the pile of letters lying on the table he said, "Now I will look over my mail."

Mrs. Norton busied herself with some handiwork and all was silent in the room except for the slight rustling of papers as the Doctor opened and read his letters.

Dr. Norton was a skillful physician and a man of strength and ability. Yet he was not without his faults. He had inherited from his grandfather a strong temper and a rather revengeful nature. If people wronged him, he never forgot it. He felt just as if he had to make them sorry before he could forgive them. He was slow to anger, but when his anger was aroused he was not pleasant to deal with.

He was the younger of two sons of the old Norton family. He and his brother Henry were the last of a long line of Nortons. Henry was very different from his brother. He was a greedy, grasping kind of man. He never showed very much affection for his younger brother. John was his father's favorite son and Henry knew it, and for that reason he was jealous of John, not because he valued his father's love so highly, but because he was afraid that John would get more than he would. Both of the brothers were raised in the "lap of luxury." Henry was very well content with his life, but John was not. He felt as if he wanted to be independent, to work like other men. He had heard of the need for doctors out in the west and he made up his mind that he would become a physician. His father had tried to dissuade him from his

purpose, but John had remained firm. Old Mr. Norton was a rather meek, mild sort of man. He had a great deal of common sense, too. But he almost idolized his younger son and wanted him to stay at home. However, John had his way. Just before he left home to begin his work he had married Grace Marks, whom he had loved with a devotion pure and true for many years. They made their home in a small western town.

Henry was secretly very glad of John's departure from home. He thought that perhaps things would work out in his favor. A few years later Mr. Norton's health began to decline rapidly. Henry, thinking to gain a high place in his father's favor, became more devoted than ever. Then, perhaps, his father would give him the larger portion of the estate. But he was unpleasantly surprised one day when his father acquainted him with the fact that he had made his will, providing for an equal division of the property between the two brothers. Henry tried to hide his chagrin, and thought cunningly that perhaps something might happen after all in his favor.

A short while after this, John and his young wife had visited his father. While there the girlish Grace Norton won the old man's heart. From her he learned of John's work out in the far west. He also learned that although John had a large practice, yet a great many of his patients were too poor to pay him anything. He learned of the much-needed improvements that John wished to make.

All this set the old man to thinking. One morning he called John into his private study and showed him the will. He then told John that if he would accept it he would give him his share then. "I know I can't live much longer, and if I can help to make the way any smoother for you now while I am living I want to do it. I know that there are many things that a young doctor needs. Too, that little wife of yours is too delicate to have much work laid upon her, I fear. Another thing, John, I am anxious about what may happen. You know how greedy your brother is. I know that he would do anything in order to get all my property. I would feel much

better if you would take your portion now," he said, looking anxiously at his son.

John was not in his usual good humor that morning, for he and Henry had had a few words together. Henry had taunted him with returning home because he had heard of his father's failing health and was afraid he would not be remembered in his father's will. This was all very unjust and uncalled for, and John left his brother angrily. So, as he listened to his father's proposal, a rather bitter look came into his face. Only once did the expression on his face change during his father's speech, and that was when his father mentioned Grace, his wife. Then a great look of tenderness and love filled his eyes and his whole face was overspread with a softened look.

But the next moment the bitter look came back into his face and he firmly declined the offer. A disappointed look came into his old father's face as he heard John decline his well meant offer. He could not persuade him to change his mind, so he said with a sigh:

"Of course, you can decide better for yourself. But just remember this, that as long as I live I want you to feel perfectly free to ask for the money whenever you need it."

Thus the matter had ended.

It was this incident that Dr. Norton had remembered this evening when he was so worried over the problem of the poor sick people around him. He felt that he would be doing right to ask his father for the money now. He remembered that he had not heard from his father in a long time and he wondered what was the matter. As he was looking over his mail a letter bearing the postmark of his home town caught his eye. He picked it up and read it hurriedly. His face whitened as he read the closely written sheets of paper. He uttered a deep groan and then before his wife, who had looked up quickly, could speak, he sprang to his feet. His face was livid with anger.

"Henry shall be sorry for this if it takes the rest of my life to make him sorry. To think one bearing the Norton name should do such a thing! I will never call him

brother again.” Then seeing his wife’s surprised, frightened face, he handed her the letter, saying, “Here Grace, read this letter and see what a villain my brother is. He shall pay for this wrong he has done me,” he added in a revengeful tone.

Mrs. Norton shuddered as she heard these last words, for she knew that he meant what he said. She took the letter tremblingly and read the following:

Dr. John Norton,

Dear Sir: I suppose you have already heard briefly of your father’s death, as your brother said that he informed you of the fact. I am a plain, outspoken man and I am going to tell you what I think of your disgraceful conduct. I attended your father while he was sick. He was very anxious to see you. He seemed to have something important to tell you. Henry sent you telegrams—one after the other. Then your father asked when you would arrive. Henry had to tell him that you had wired that you were too busy to come. It was hard for me to believe that a son of your father’s could be so hard-hearted. Just before the last he begged that one more message be sent you asking you to come to see him before he died. He asked Henry, who had told him that it was of no use to wire you any more, to grant him that much. So Henry, who, I must say, has acted as a son should toward his father, sent you this last message. It was late that night when he became very restless and called your name very often. At last Henry reluctantly told him that you had just sent a message saying that you were too busy to come.

Strong and harsh as I am, the look of such intense disappointment that came into your father’s face, made tears come into my old eyes. He moaned pitifully like a child, and said, “Christ, he thinks more of his business—than—he does of—his old father. But it doesn’t matter very much now. Perhaps—he—really—could not—come.” Then he seemed to remember something and he gasped out the words, “Tell John,”—but his spirit left him then.

You will have no need to come home for the settlement of the business. The will states that all his property goes to Henry, except for a large case of medical books which will

be sent you at once. I can hardly understand your conduct and would like an explanation of it.

Respectfully,

Dr. James Hart.

Mrs. Norton finished reading the letter and looked at her husband with a dumbfounded expression on her face.

"John," she said indignantly, "what can it all mean? Is it possible that Henry could have been so cruel as to do this thing?"

"Not one word have I received," said her husband; then a look of grief and sorrow filled his face. "My poor father! To think that he died thinking that I cared more for business than for him!" Then walking rapidly up and down the room, his face again white with anger and his eyes blazing, he said in a voice trembling with rage: "Henry Norton shall bitterly rue his deed. To think that he dared to lie to my father when he was dying! If he were here now I believe I would almost kill him. I'll warrant that he forged another will too, for that isn't the will my father showed me last year. Henry is fully capable of doing it, too. Oh, but revenge will be sweet," he added to himself.

Mrs. Norton was terrified at the sight of her husband's wrath. She had never before known him to give way to his temper in such a way. She thought suddenly of his likeness to his grandfather, whose picture she had seen. She had heard that this grandfather had once been deeply wronged and in his efforts to get revenge he stooped to all manner and means of cunning to accomplish his purpose. Knowing that her husband had never been very ready to forgive unjust things, her heart grew cold within her for what might happen. For she had heard it said many times that her husband's nature was like that of his grandfather's.

She went to Dr. Norton, who was still pacing up and down the room, and laid her hand upon his arm, saying, "John, don't talk so. You frighten me. It won't do you any good to get revenge. We have been very happy together. Don't let this come in and overshadow our happiness. Henry will surely receive his punishment at the hands of his Maker."

For the first time in his life Dr. Norton would not heed her words. "Grace," he said, "every spark of affection that I have ever had for my brother died out of my heart when I read that letter. I *will* some day make him repent his crime."

The clock struck one before they thought of going to sleep that night.

"Well, my plan to help my poor people is all over," Dr. Norton said as they left the room. "I think I see now why my father wanted me to take my share of the property that time. He was afraid something would happen."

The next morning at the breakfast table Dr. Norton announced his intention of going to his old home to see Henry. He wanted to investigate affairs. Seeing his wife's face grow pale, he said reassuringly, "You need not fear for me. I shall not harm my brother. There are other ways of getting revenge."

She, with her woman's quick intuition, saw that it would do no good to say anything to him. She noticed a new determined look on his face that she knew that no one could change. He left that morning, after he had provided for another physician to take charge of his patients in his absence.

He was gone only two days. When he returned home the look on his face silenced the words of welcome that Mrs. Norton started to utter. He came close up to her and laid both hands upon her shoulders and looked earnestly into her eyes. The love he saw there for him made his own eyes ache with sudden tears. They both entered the cheery little sittingroom, where Dr. Norton sank heavily into his armchair. The little wife pulled her chair up near by and seated herself, looking at him with questioning eyes.

"John," she said, "What has happened? You look so strange."

He looked up and spoke in a lifeless tone. "Grace, I had rather be dead than to feel as I do. I was wondering while I was coming home today if there was really a just God. If there is, why did he let all this happen? What have I done to deserve so much trouble?"

"The Lord chasteneth those whom he loveth," quoted Mrs. Norton softly.

"Somehow I can't believe it, Grace," her husband said.

Then he told her of his trip home. He had just called upon Dr. Hart and tried to explain matters—that he had never received any news of his father's illness at all. But the old doctor seemed rather suspicious. He had then told him that the will was not the true will, that he had seen the other one. Dr. Hart had then told him that the will that had been carried into execution was obliged to be the true will because he himself had been a witness when it was drawn up. On the whole Dr. Norton's interview with Dr. Hart was not very satisfactory. Next he started to see his brother. On his way he met several of his old acquaintances who greeted him rather coldly. It seemed that Henry had taken good care to publish the false fact that John had refused to come to his dying father. John, having been away from his old home several years, it was natural that the people would believe many things of him, not knowing him very well. When he reached his brother's home he discovered that Henry was away on a business trip and would be gone several days.

Then seeing that the people in the town seemed unfavorable toward him, he came away desperate.

"Grace, when I saw how my brother had worked against me there in the old town and thought of the great wrong he had done me, I felt right then more than I had before that I could never rest until I made him bitterly repent. Grace, it isn't in me to forgive Henry now. There is something inside of me that won't let me. Something seems to be urging me on to seek revenge." He stopped and sat looking keenly at his wife. He saw how pale she was—how unlike her usual cheerful self. A look of tenderness came into his dark eyes as he said, "Dear, don't take this so much to heart. I'll try not to bother you any more with it. I know I seem cruel and hard, but," firmly, "I just can't help it, I can't forgive my brother now. But don't you bother your dear head about it any more."

She smiled at him rather sadly. It was just like him, she thought, to be so solicitous of her. She knew she could never doubt his love for herself.

The next day the large case of medical books that his father had left him arrived. The books proved to be the very ones that Dr. Norton had wished for many times, but somehow he was not interested in them now. He found his name written in many of them in his father's own writing. He wondered if his father did destroy the other will and make a new one, leaving him only these books. "I don't believe it," he said to himself. "Henry is at the bottom of it all."

The next few days that followed, Dr. Norton in his daily visits to his patients thought of how he had been deprived of aiding them. He racked his brain to find some way to get revenge against his brother. That thought of getting revenge was always in his mind.

At last he heard that a lawyer friend of his had moved to his old home to practice law. Dr. Norton wrote to him telling him the whole story and also his determination of getting revenge. These two men had been collegemates and they loved each other like brothers. So the lawyer kept the doctor posted with news of Henry. Frequently he heard of Henry's methods of carrying on business—of his speculations. Any news of Henry's failures in business gladdened Dr. Norton's heart.

Time passed and Dr. Norton was as inflexible as ever in his attitude toward his brother. A great change had come over the man. It seemed as if all the noble qualities that he had ever possessed were being converted into an evil one. A shadow seemed to have fallen upon the little home. The evenings which were wont to be such pleasant ones, when the wife sang, or when Dr. Norton read, were now almost dreary, to such an extent had Dr. Norton given himself up to his worse nature.

Several months passed before Dr. Norton examined the medical books. One rainy evening he was for the first time seized with a desire to read one of the books. He was turning over the leaves when suddenly he uttered an excited exclamation. There between the leaves was a sealed envelope bearing his name in his father's own handwriting. He opened it quickly and read its contents. There was a straight narrow

slip of paper, which he held up before his wife with his eyes shining and said, "Fifty thousand dollars". He then read her the letter. It was from his father. It seemed that the old man had, from some whim or other, destroyed the old will and had made another—the one that was found after his death. Mr. Norton had grown so suspicious of his eldest son that he was afraid to let him know that John was to have half the property. So he had deposited John's share in the bank, first swearing the bankers to secrecy, that is, to never let any one know of it and to never mention it until John came to draw it out. Mr. Norton had intended telling John secretly of this, but things had happened so that he never had the chance.

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Norton, "Henry isn't quite as bad as you thought. Now, let bygones be bygones and forgive Henry. Here is the money that you needed to start the hospital. What a great work you can do!"

"But, Grace, Henry caused my father to die thinking that I did not care enough for him to go to him when he was dying. I can't forgive him and if there is anything I can do to make him repent I will do it," said Dr. Norton determinedly. His wife only sighed and became silent.

The next few days they planned for the hospital. Perhaps they were both happier than they had been for a long time. Yet there was still something overshadowing them.

Right at the time when they were in the midst of their planning one evening the lawyer friend of Dr. Norton's arrived unexpectedly. He brought strange news—that of Henry Norton's financial ruin. But the lawyer had more startling news than that. Henry, it seemed, in his business had misappropriated funds that did not belong to him. He had then in some way discovered that his brother had some money in the bank there. So when he failed in business he went and forged a check drawing out the entire sum of money which was deposited in John's name. He did this in order to replace the misappropriated funds.

The bankers had become suspicious and knowing the lawyer to be a friend of the doctor's, they put the matter in his

hands. Since they were not sure and also since they had promised old Mr. Norton that they would be silent about the depositing of the money, they said nothing about it to any one save the lawyer.

"I didn't believe that you had sent your brother to draw out this money, so I just came out here to see about it," said the lawyer.

The news of this fresh crime that his brother had committed against him brought on another storm of bitter invectives against his brother. "I have been trying to find some way to make my brother repent for what he has already done. Now my chance for revenge is complete. I will prosecute him to the utmost. Yes, he shall suffer for the wrongs he has done me."

"The whole affair is in your hands," said the lawyer. "If you were to say that you signed that check in order to save your brother, everything would be all right. No one knows of this except you and myself, for even the bankers are not sure that it is a forgery. On the other hand, you can expose your brother and he will be ruined and disgraced. It will mean imprisonment for life."

"Just what he deserves," said Dr. Norton in bitter tones. "I will return with you tomorrow and confront Henry with his crime."

His wife was made acquainted with this new crime of Henry's. When she saw how exultant her husband was over his chance for revenge she was beside herself.

"John, surely you will not do this thing—ruin and disgrace your brother?"

"I wouldn't take anything for this chance," he answered in determined tones. Then noticing her pale face, he said, "It will soon all be over. Cheer up and sing one of your songs to us tonight. I am homesick to hear you sing once more."

She went to the piano and, seating herself, played and sang several songs. At last she sang very softly, "Oh love, that wilt not let me go." As the last notes died away, Dr. Norton came to himself with a start and a tender, anxious look filled his eyes as he looked earnestly at his wife.

"Grace," he said, in low tones, "what is the matter?"

She looked at him with tear-filled eyes and smiling rather sadly, said, "Oh, I am just tired, that is all. I think I will go to my room now."

Dr. Norton looked after her anxiously as she walked hastily out of the room.

The next morning he was to leave, he and his lawyer friend, to carry out his purpose. At the breakfast table Mrs. Norton saw the same old determined look on her husband's face. She sent up a silent petition for strength for what might come. When she bade him goodbye her heart was too full for utterance. She put both arms about his neck and looked pleadingly into his eyes. "God help you," she murmured. He held her closely for a moment and then left her.

For some reason or other, he did not feel so exultant, as he expected, over his chance for revenge. They reached their journey's end about eight o'clock that night. Dr. Norton was to go by himself and confront his brother with the crime and then he would give the signal to the lawyer and the policeman who would be somewhere near the house.

When Dr. Norton reached his brother's home he found everything still, and dark save for the dim shining of a light in the sittingroom. By some unconscious impulse he entered the house without knocking. The door of the sittingroom was open. He saw his brother sitting near a writing desk, his face buried in his arms upon the desk. There was a look of utter dejection about the bowed figure. The room was not at all harmoniously arranged. It was stiff and disorderly too. Something seemed to be lacking. As Dr. Norton's eyes traveled over the room, the picture of his bright cozy little sitting-room at home came into his mind. He could see his wife sitting in her low chair near the fireside. He could see her sweet face and he remembered with a sudden pang that she was pale and worried looking. His gaze again rested upon the lonely figure of his brother. He thought of the man's life—there alone. Perhaps if he had had as good wife as Grace was he would not have been so unscrupulous. As he stood there in silence, viewing the cheerless room and the dejected figure of his brother, he heard the voice of some one singing in a house

across the street. The notes, clear, sweet and strong, "Oh love, that wilt not let me go," fell upon his ear. He again thought of his wife who had been so patient with him. He thought of what a treasure she was.

But here was his brother without a helpmate or friend. Surely his life was miserable enough. At that moment his brother raised his head, showing a face white with misery. He held in his hand a pistol. For an instant Dr. Norton could not move. But the next instant Henry groaned and again buried his face in his arms. Driven by some sudden impulse Dr. Norton swiftly and noiselessly made his way to Henry's side.

"Brother," a voice said very low and almost softly.

Henry started at the sound of that voice as if a spirit had spoken to him. He looked up quickly and saw his brother standing there with a new look upon his face—his brother whom he had so cruelly wronged.

"My God!" he groaned, with a look of intense pain and regret upon his face. "Why didn't you wait a little longer? I would have saved you your trouble. I was trying to get up courage to kill myself. I knew you would find out my crime and I wanted to die before you came to accuse me. I don't want to try to make excuses for myself, but I am going to tell you under what circumstances I committed this crime against you; then you may do with me as you will. I had lost all my wealth through speculation and gambling. I misappropriated funds which I had to replace at once. I was like a wild animal at bay. By the merest accident I came across a sheet of paper from father's diary among some old papers. There was the entry telling of his depositing your share of the money in the bank. Forgery was the next thing that came into my head. What else could I do? Well it is all done now and I can't undo it. I am at your disposal. I hope some day for your forgiveness which I do not dare ask now. Oh, what a mess of my life I have made!" he ended with a bitter groan.

"Henry," Dr. Norton began in husky tones, then the eyes of the brothers met and as if by a common instinct their hands met in a strong clasp. The next moment Dr. Norton said, with his eyes shining, "I have some friends waiting for me out-

side. I'll go and tell them that they need not wait any longer—that I do not need them.”

He left the room for a moment and briefly told the lawyer that there would be no arrest—that was all.

The brothers talked far into the night together. For the first time in their lives they entertained a true brotherly attitude toward each other. Some strange influence seemed to have come over both of them.

The next day the brothers were talking over the plans for the future. Henry wanted to go far away where no one knew him and begin life over again. “And, John,” he said, “remember that your forgiveness has caused me to become a better man. You shall have your hospital yet. I shall repay at the earliest possible moment the money I took from you so dishonestly.”

In a few days Dr. Norton returned home to a happy little woman whose heart was well nigh bursting with joy and thanksgiving. For a telegram had preceded his arrival, bearing these words: “All is well. I am with my brother.”

A Song in the Night

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelpbian

Night—and moonlight stretching o'er fields afar,
And low in the west gleams one bright star;
Quiet—yet in the brooding stillness
A tumult of many living voices.

Whispers—passing winds murmurous in song,
Like fairy pipings from an unseen throng;
Restfulness—yet all the leaves aquiver
And a shadowy rustling in the moonlight.

Peace—brooding, tender, gentle, blest,
And the star of hope shining in the west;
Then—music filling all the air—
Flowing, rippling, joy unsurpassed.

Stillness—hushed, quiet, the world at rest,
And hills rapt in moonlight out toward the west;
Again—rising, falling, flowing, a tumult of liquid
melody,
The mocking-bird of the Southland pouring forth his
night song.

Aunt Jane's Discovery

Annie V. Scott, '14, Adelprian

It was one of those hot July mornings when not even a lizard would venture to withstand the hot sun's rays. Aunt Jane sat in the shade of a big apple tree out back of her cabin. This was her favorite retreat while she did the day's churning. On approaching, one could usually hear her humming one of her favorite melodies as she kept time to the splash of the churn-dasher.

Today there was not a sound about the little cabin. Uncle Joe, Aunt Jane's "ole man", had gone over to help Mr. Wright "do a little job". Usually when left alone Aunt Jane made merry with song. Today her sonorous voice was still, not on account of loneliness, but because she felt that "somethin' wuz goin' ter happen". She had learned years ago that when her conscience told her that something was going to happen it always happened. Did she not wake Uncle Joe with joyful shouts, the night before the preacher proposed to their Sue? Did not the owl screech and screech the night before Mr. Wright's horse died? "Corse it did jes like it did las' night. Somethin' sho' is gwine ter happen."

Aunt Jane had scarcely uttered these words when she saw Uncle Joe coming down the hillside as fast as his stiff knees could amble. Before he was near Aunt Jane he began to wave his ragged hat frantically and to make weird gestures. Coming a little nearer he shouted, "Jane, don't yer let a single fly teeh that milk."

Aunt Jane was one of those mammies who could never be dictated to by any man, so she was not long in replying, "Joe Simpsin, I guess I'se churned mo' times 'an you'se got toes an' fingers. Don't you think I know how to make butter? Sho I do."

"Yes, Jane, yer us'to make good butter, but yer haint gwine ter any mo' 'ceptin' I gits a skreen and yer go inside an' shet the do's."

"Do yer spect I'se gwine in dat hot house to churn? No indaid, I'se not."

Uncle Joe had now come up to Aunt Jane. With his big hat he was vigorously fanning at the flies that swarmed around the churn. As he did so he began again:

"Jane, does yer know there is a hundred baktery on ebery fly's laig an' ebery baktery is goin' ter kill sumbody?"

"Fer the lan' sakes, Joe Simpsin, is I gwine ter die? I knowed sumthin' was sho' gwine ter happen."

"Yes, Jane, I jes bin ober to help Mr. Wright put up skreen do's. He sez Miss Grace sed they jes must hab 'em ter perteck ther lives. Jane, ye know Miss Grace has jes kum from college an' she knows a powerfully lot. She says ther am gwine ter be no flies crawlin' ober her eatins loadin' 'em with baktery."

"Joe Simpsin, fer the lan' sakes what is a baktery?"

"Law, Jane, Miss Grace sez ther is jes loads ob 'em on ebery fly an' all in the air. I guess they is a plague sent on us cause man is so mean. Miss Grace sez ye kaint see 'em, but they sho does hurt ye. They ez little bugs all crawlin' an stickin' ebrywhere. Mo' on flies 'an anywhere."

Aunt Jane could stand it no longer. She was on her feet looking at the fly-covered churn with horror.

"Law, Joe, how long has they bin on the airth?"

"I jes don't know. Miss Grace didn't say. The first I knowed uv it wuz when I went ober ter Mr. Wright's this morning. He brought down doors all made of strainer wire and sez he, 'we's gwine ter put skreen do's ober ebery one of our doors.' I says what fer? He says 'ter keep flies from carryin baktery into our house.' I had neber heah uv baktery before an' begun to ask all about 'em. Mr. Wright then told me what Miss Grace had learned about 'em at college. Jane, I'se a notion to hitch up Mollie an go an git us sum skreens too. You know we don't want baktery in our eatins."

Aunt Jane was already half way to the little cabin door. For months she had been saving her butter money. She now hastened to fetch it out from the little bag beneath the pillow. Uncle Joe stood at the door eager to grasp the precious coins. As he closed his hands over them, Aunt Jane said:

"Here, Joe Simpsin, take that money an don't be long gittin' back here with 'em wires. I ain't gwine ter be killed by any bugs long ez I'se got money ter keep 'em away."

Uncle Joe lost no time getting out the old gray mare and harnessing her. As he drove off he chanced to look back and saw Aunt Jane chasing flies with her bonnet. She kept this up until she was almost exhausted in her effort to rid the house of the deathly pests. At length she closed all of the doors and windows, saying as she did so: "I kaint git ye all out, but there ain't no mo' cumin' in. Lan', how I'se skeered Fido will git to that churn an' eat sum pisin milk."

It was with care she went to the door and called up this little brown cur. "Fido ain't goin' ter eat anything till we git them skreens up."

During the three hours that Uncle Joe was gone Aunt Jane sat in the little tight room almost panting for breath. At length Mollie's head appeared down the road. Uncle Joe sat behind her whipping all of the time. As he rode up he called out, "Jane, here they is."

Aunt Jane slid out through a crack of the door and together they soon managed to hang the doors.

With one door open they then began the race to rid the house of the pests. Aunt Jane used her bonnet, while Uncle Joe asked for nothing better than his rush hat.

"Lawdy, Joe, ketch that airn. I don't see for the life uv me how they ken be so spry with a hundred baktery on their laigs."

"I say, Jane, let's not eat a bite uv them air rations in that safe. When we've run 'em all out ye can make us a snack."

These last words fell on Grace Wright's ears as she came to make her usual call on Aunt Jane after returning from college.

"Hallo, Auntie, what are you doing?" Grace hollowed, peering in through the new screen door. "I presume you are going to begin a more hygienic life."

"No we ain't, we ain't goin' ter have any mo' uv 'em baktery," replied Aunt Jane. Grace realized the whole situation and sitting down she explained the subject of bacterial life to these two ignorant colored people. As she finished Aunt Jane patted her on the back as she said:

"Lawdy, me, it beats all what gals kan larn at college. Ef ye hadn't gone ter college, no doubt me an Uncle Joe would be daid korps soon 's we et that pisin butter."

My Little Scotch Lady

Margaret C. Cobb, '12, Adelprian

We were just trying to get settled on shipboard and were enjoying considerable confusion in the process. The continuous bumps and jolts in driving through miles of Glasgow warehouses to the wharf, the identification and counting up of baggage, and the various excitements preparatory to a long sea trip had set my head whirling so that I could neither hear nor speak intelligibly. Poor Cousin Cam was most distraught over my helpless bungling of affairs, and I was vainly trying to hear and obey all the injunctions that could be given by an impractical, particular, "old-school" gentleman who expects impossibilities of a twentieth century school girl.

The boat had at last swung out into the river and was now passing Greenock, where the tugs must leave us to finish the journey under our own steam. Cousin Cam was breathing free again, for he was on the tug bound shoreward. The last verbal goodbyes were said and I was almost ready to leave off waving when something bumped against me and clutched at my skirt, then two twinkling brown eyes peered round. The baby fingers would not leave off their hold, but a shy, roguish little face appeared, and two dainty lips whispered mischievously: "Is she tummin'?" As "she" did not seem to put in appearance, the young lady condescended to further answer my overtures and presented herself—a tiny bit of a toddler who smoothed down her dress, shook back her soft brown curls, and looked up at me with the dearest little bit of a wheedle in her face.

"You like to see boats run away fas'?" she queried and then, "I likes you—you can *hold* little girls," she meaningly informed me; and I lifted her so she could see the receding boat.

"Is you a butter 'oman?" she asked contentedly, and nestled back close against me—jumped back, then buried her face in the bunch of violets I was wearing. When she raised

her head again her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone like two flower spirits themselves.

"You is a butter 'oman," half inaudibly, as she drew in a great breath and wondered anew.

I was enchanted by the little bit of fairness that wriggled and gurgled for joyousness. She was enthralled by the flowers, delicately fingering them and crooning ever so softly. Then she was bouncing up and down and clapping her hands happily. Her soft little fingers stole up to my face and patted my cheeks lovingly while she pleaded:

"Butter 'omans al'ays gives bairnies nice smelly fings. You——"

The plea was interrupted by a very shocked "Why, Margaret!" and we both turned, half-sheepishly. There at my elbow stood "Margaret Number Two", only her smile was not so carefree and her eyes were shy and serious. Though she only said, "I hope she hasn't annoyed you very much," her flaming cheeks and timid smile showed embarrassment and apology enough for the most hard-hearted creature alive. As I was neither hard-hearted nor annoyed, I begged for the privilege of keeping the little run-away who was just beginning to show her face again. As permission to stay was accorded on condition that the young lady donned her wrap, she promptly slipped down and snuggled into the dainty blue sweater-coat that was held out to her, waxing more bold all the while.

"Auntie, she's a butter 'oman," the child began again, and I looked to the "big Margaret", or Miss Mary Gordon, for enlightenment. She laughed again and again.

"Oh, has she been trying her blarney on you? That's just to say that she likes you. At her grandmother's up in the 'North Country' she won the heart of the old lady who supplied us with butter. Poor Mrs. McGregor spoiled the child to death, for nothing—cakes, posies, or anything—was too good for 'her boy's baby', especially when she could wheedle so. Now everybody she likes or wants anything of, is a butter 'oman.'"

Thus began a pleasant half-hour that was ended by the bugle for luncheon.

As I was a good sailor and was not bored by any amount of sea travel, I did not follow the example of most of my fellow passengers by napping or unpacking. We were in the Frith of Clyde by now and I could not miss the last view of the Scotland that is not "bonny" as we say it, but truly bonny in the Scotchman's tongue. The shore line grew so far away that I left the lonely promenade for the still more lonely hurricane deck. But the latter was not deserted, for down at the stern a solitary blue-coated figure faced the Scottish shore. As my steps rang out she turned and there was my second Margaret, only her smile seemed a bit sadder and her eyes were lustrous.

"Are you, too, telling Scotland farewell? Stay here with me, won't you?" and we two watched there together till the last faint shore line was gone. The silence was unbroken till she gave a suspicion of a sigh and brushed the little restless curls back from her face.

"It is a beautiful country," she began, then started at remembrance of me—"Have you been in the Highlands?"

I enthusiastically began to count over the many wonders and delights of the Trossacks and how blest they were to have them. But she could not rest with such tameness.

"But haven't you been up in the real Highlands, the North Country, up above the Kyles of Bute even? The Trossacks are only the outposts. There are the real Highlands, up out of the way of all idly curious tourists, there where the mist hangs low upon the crags and you hear the far off beat of the Northern sea. If you ever go to Scotland again, go there. The real Scotch, untainted by the mad rush of foreigners, lives in his Highlands. There is home—there where the heather-clad mountain sides hold you close to their warm heart and the rugged rocks above guard you from all the harshness of the outside."

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes dreamed of the far-off hills—her whole self was lost in the love of it all. And thus we always talked of Scotland—for this was the first of many meetings. We sat near together at meal-times and spent long hours alone together in the library—for the unusually rough passage soon cleared decks and saloons. When

the weather permitted my venturing out I would always meet her too. We would make our rounds together or stand in the bow to feel the ship plunge and the spray dash over us.

Often little Margaret would join us for a romp around the saloon and sometimes she would invite me to join "Auntie" and her at tea. Miss Gordon mothered her always and was so careful of her that it was hard to believe she was only "Auntie", but easy to know that she was fairy god-mother. Sometimes just a wee bit of apology escaped as the "mother, nurse, and general care-taker" carried the little miss off to bed—brother and his wife were such poor sailors.

Our talk was still more of Scotland when she found that I was to return for a winter's schooling in Edinburgh. She too had been to the University of Edinburgh, and told me much of the students' life—and she remembered Cousin Cam.

At last we were skirting New Foundland and getting steady again. Pale, miserable individuals put in appearance and peopled the ship. My little Margaret was back with a very common-place mother and "country-parson-looking" father, but it was almost time for goodbyes. The usual ship's concert announced the fact.

Before we could hardly discern the coast through the spy-glass our duty was upon us. On the appointed evening the passengers straggled into the saloon. Some giggling school girls, a few very learned professors, and the usual prima donna performed, and then, to my surprise, a very timid little Scotch lady rose. The gallant captain, a Scotchman likewise, was her accompanist. Then she began to sing. It was the true song of the Scotch woman. Soft and clear the notes sounded over the room, swelling into a cry of the heart. Her hands were clenched, her chin trembled, her color came and went, and her eyes were soul prayers of agony. Never loud, never harsh, the notes rose and fell like sobs until at last the tremors gave way to one great ecstatic plea:

"Will ye no' come home again?
Will ye no' come home again?
Better 'twere ye had never been!
Will ye no' come home again?"

When we came back to earth and would have asked for more a little frightened, tearful body was almost out of the door and could not be induced to return. The national hymns were sung and then silently, almost reverently, we dispersed to prepare for landing on the morrow.

I was still dreaming of it all when the stewardess came to help me pack. She too had heard and understood.

"Has my birdie taken a bit of your heart, too?"

"Is she your birdie? Tell me about her. She's *my* friend, I hope." And then it came out. She was a little Highlander teaching in Canada. This had been her first trip home. She could not go again for two years and her mother was in terrible health.

"Oh, and it's pitiful, she is. Just last night she was telling me of how she left her mother. She can never see her again. And it's brave she is to leave the little mother and work for them both when that no-count brother takes her help instead of giving some. It's fine he is to just get to be "perfessor" over in the new country. But she's a "doctor" from Edinburgh and Mistress of Latin and Greek in Toronto. And now she's sung her mother's song fer you I must be a-comforting her."

The next day we all parted company. My goodbye to my little lady was an emphatic promise that I would visit her Highlands before Christmas and see her mother if I went near her home.

Before I could realize it I was back in Edinburgh for the winter. Cousin Cam hurriedly greeted me and rushed off to some meeting. That night the news came out that the University was minus a teacher. Poor Cousin Cam could think of no one to succeed the incapacitated teacher. He only got relief by patting me on the head with a "my dear, you are without Greek!"

Then I suddenly remembered. "Why not have the little Scotch lady?"

The family was astonished at my remark, but explanations proved that Cousin Cam did remember Miss Gordon. She had graduated "first" at the University. Yes, she might be considered, but how had I met her? Then I told the story.

Miss Gordon was accepted. I could scarcely wait for her

answer. Part of the time was whiled away in a week-end visit to her Highlands. They were indeed as she had told me of them. And when I stood in her own little valley the hills did seem like the heart of the Scotchman, warm and full of cheer to all who gain access. We went to tell her mother the glad news, but the mother could not be seen. The "butter 'oman" told us that it was not years or months, but weeks, perhaps days.

Back in Edinburgh we were greeted with the much desired news. She was cabled to come at once. She was coming. Each day the "butter 'oman" told the mother again, and again begged her to wait. Each day we prayed that the daughter would not be too late. But the spirit could not last—the little mother could not wait.

The next day the ship came in. We stood on the dock and waited. How *could* we tell her? There she was, all fresh and smiling, and happy. Her face was carefree and her eyes were as joyous as those of her small counterpart. She was breathing deep of happiness and oblivious of all else.

"Am I really here? It's too good to be true! Did you go up home and see mother? I wrote her about it, but she didn't expect me so soon unless you told her. Have you told her?"

We silently nodded.

"Do you think I could go home just this week-end? I just *must* see her! Did the sudden news disturb her much—did she seem much excited to you?"

She looked from one to the other of us and when she came to me, I couldn't help it. I choked and the sob would come out. All the joy went out of her eyes and again she searched our faces.

"What is it? Is she worse? Let me go to her. Mother, I am coming home again! Wait for me. Oh, I wish I had never gone, little mother! . . . I must go right to the train. . . . Will you help me, please?" We *could* not move. . . . A piteous fear crept into her eyes.

"Is she—gone?" she hoarsely begged us to deny. . . . Her face grew ashen, her tearless eyes gazed afar off and carried their agony to the Highlands.



Contributors' Club

Fall

Mary K. Van Poole, '12, Cornelian

Law! ain't yo' glad dat de fall am come,
An' we niggahs kin git a rest?
We's work'd so ha'd dat it ain't no fun,
But we's dun our lebbel best.

An' now de time o' all times is heah,
When we niggahs can hab some fun
A crackin' jokes, an' a poppin co'n,
When de o'der work is done.

We'll all set 'roun' de ol' kitchen fiah,
When ol' massa's gone ter sleep,
We'll roast our taters, an' smoke our pipes,
An' a rough house, shore, we'll keep.

We'll roast some chestnuts in de ol' fiah,
An' parch dem peanuts some.
Law! ain't we gwina hab heaps o' fun,
When de good ol' fall am come?

A Possum Hunt

Mary Worth, '15, Cornelian

One bright afternoon in the middle of October, an old darkey ambled slowly down the "big road", leaning heavily on his cane. There was no telling just how old Uncle Sim really was, but he looked as if he were well nigh a century. From beneath the edge of his old felt hat there could be seen a fringe of the whitest wool, which was in striking contrast to the black face below it. Mumbling to himself, he stepped aside to examine a slit in the bark of an old sweetgum tree in search of gum and as he pulled his knife out of his pocket it slipped from his hand and stuck up straight in the ground.

“Look at dat ar knife,” he muttered. “Somebody sho’ mus’ be comin’.”

When he turned the bend in the road he was not at all surprised to meet a well-dressed stranger coming toward him, although such an advent was rather unusual in the neighborhood.

“Good evening, uncle,” said the stranger. “Could you tell me which of these roads leads to Colonel Dupee’s home?”

“Yas sah, de big house is ober in dat d’rection and dis here road you is on leads right up to de gate,” replied Uncle Sim, touching his hand to his hat in salute.

“Do you work up at the ‘big house’?” asked the stranger.

“Yas sah, I’s e been working dere eber since I can ’member.”

The stranger had become interested in the old man and he decided to stop for a few minutes to talk with him.

“I have just come from up North,” he said, “to pay a short visit to the Colonel, and I’m looking forward to a ‘possum hunt’ he has promised me. Tell me how you go o’possum hunting, uncle.”

The old darky’s face lighted up with a bright smile, and he drew a long breath of enjoyment at the thought of expatiating on his favorite topic of conversation.

“You is jest in time den,” said the old darkey, “for I think de Cunnel is ’rangin’ to go on a hunt tonight. Well, ’bout de fust thing you does to go ’possum hunting is to be sho’ an’ wrop up good an’ tight so’s you can enjoy yoself and not git cole, caze dese here fall nights is mighty chilly. Me an’ Nick has de lightwood chunks for de torch, an’ æ ax, an’ a bag, an’ de dogs, all ready, and de Cunnel gits de crowd togedder, den off we puts for de woods.

“Miss Jane, she don’t never go wid de crowd, so she stays home an’ fixes evathing nice an’ cozy for ’um when dey gits back. She allers lets ’Liza, de chilluns mammy, have a candy bilin’ dat night for dem what’s too little to go huntin’.

“You don’ have to follow no peticular road when you goes a huntin’ for ’possums, caze you has to go right thru de underbresh to keep up wid de dogs, when dey onct gits started. An’ if dem dogs is any ’count it won’t be long fo’ you hear one un ’um a-treeing old Brer ’Possum. An’ den evabody runs in de d’rection of de barkin’ and more’n likely you fin’ de dog a-barkin’ up a ’simmon tree, for ’possums sho’ loves ’simmons.

“Den, one of us niggahs lights de torch, and torreckly you’ll see two little lights a-shinin’ up in de tree, an dars where de old ’possum am, caze dem two lights is his eyes.

“Nick is a heap spryer dan me, so de Cunnel allers sends him up de tree atter de ’possum, and de minit dat ’possum knows he can’t git away, he keels right ober and tends like he dade, and his mouf stretches from year to year when Nick teches him.

“Den Nick grabs him by de tail and brings ’im down and slaps him in de bag so’s he can’t git away. An’ most in ginally if it is a good year for ’possums, it wont be long fo’ you’ll be liable to heah one of

de other dogs a-treein, an' as a ginall thing we catches bout fo' or five 'possums evatime we goes huntin'.

"At 'bout 'leben o'clock de crowd usually starts back home. Miss Jane allers sets up an' waits for us to git back and she has hot chocolate, an' cake, an' roas' apples, an' chestnuts, and some of Liza's tafika candy, an' dey all gits up 'roun' de pine cone fiah and eats an' tells tales. An' Miss Jane don't fergit us niggahs eder. She makes us come in an' git warm and gives us some of de good things to eat, an' she makes us sing som er our old time chunes, and we has to sing "Possum meat am good to eat" more'n on't fo' dey is satisfied."

Queer Eggs

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

"Good-bye, Mary. Don't fall in the flour-barrel till I get back," and the old miner strode away with an anxious air, in defiance of the gay laughter from the top of the path. As he reached the cliff which hid the rest of the trail, however, he turned with a laughing "good-bye", which betrayed his assumed tone of a moment before.

The girl at the head of the pass stood a moment after the man had disappeared, watching the brilliance of the morning sun on the magnificent peaks around her, then with a determined air she turned and ran lightly up the rocky trail.

The girl was so slight that she might easily have been mistaken for a child of fourteen, though she was soon to be a bride. In order to get a much needed rest, as well as for change and recreation, she had come to the mining camp of her favorite uncle. Incidentally, according to her family, Mary was to learn to cook.

Entering the cabin she suddenly started at the recollection of some sponge which had been "set" for bread the day before, and promptly dismissed from mind.

The girl ran across the room, and with much misgiving took the cover from the huge jar which held the bread. Her face cleared, however, as she saw that it was just as she had left it, and she went to work with a will. The bread was soon in the oven, and Mary was ready to turn her attention to the house.

As she had only arrived the day before, the cabin was full of interest and she proceeded to explore.

It was the usual miner's "shack", built of rough logs, but of the more luxurious type, since it had two rooms, one for cooking and eating and one for sleeping. The kitchen had only the usual array of tin pans and plates, with a long pine board on legs serving for a table.

The "bunk house", however, was lavishly decorated with the spoils of her uncle's wanderings and adventures. Guns and six-shooters, old and

new, stood in corners and hung on the walls, together with antlers of deer and elk, Indian tomahawks, and other trophies.

The girl had just picked up a belt of skin to examine it more, when a sudden whiff of air from the kitchen made her drop it as if it were poisoned and rush for the stove. She rescued the fated loaves of bread before they were black, but when she tried to break one open, it proved a Herculean task. After hammering, hacking and sawing for an interminable space the loaf was finally divided, but its value—or lack of it—as an edible substance was well proved.

“Suddenly she realized that it was only an hour before time for her uncle’s return. Her first thought was one of thankfulness that she had not told her uncle of the sponge. But “where can I hide it?” was the next difficulty.

With Mary F., however, to think was to act, and a minute later, she was picking her way down the rocks behind the cabin, with the despised bread under her arm. She soon came to the edge of the cliff or ridge on which the cabin was built, and stood looking down into the great canyon below. It was a dizzy height, with great rocks jutting out here and there below, yet the whole precipice a straight wall, thousands of feet from the bottom of the ravine.

After a moment she took out the loaves and threw them solemnly one by one, over the cliff, and watched them roll unbroken to the bottom.

“Hello, Mary! I’ve got something to show you,” came the stentorian tones of her uncle, an hour later, as he reached the top of the trail. As the girl appeared he went on. “I found some of the queerest eggs today you ever saw. I had to go up the gulch awhile ago and found them lying on the rocks.”

From the depths of his capacious pockets the miner had fished out and now held up to the astonished gaze of the girl those very loaves of bread that she had so carefully thrown away.

She gave one look and fled before the twinkle in her uncle’s eyes gave way to the pent-up laughter which she saw was inevitable.



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Our sincerest thanks to the "new girls"! Everybody is praising the splendid way in which you are "taking hold of things." Especially have you proven yourselves in writing for the Magazine. In responding so willingly and well to the plea for material, you have set a pace that will put us old girls very much on the alert to keep up with your spirit. You have made us happier than you can guess. Your friends enjoy the admirable spirit you are showing and *your societies* appreciate it and love you for it.

Rules! Rules! Will we ever get through hearing about rules? Yes, when we stop breaking them; and that day hasn't come yet. Girls, we just must do something! We talk about honor systems and how we hate to have teachers forever at our heels, but

don't you think we need it when we behave so? We are better than we have been, but we are certainly far from perfect. Do you think we show much of an advance toward student government when we—upper classmen, at that—slip around during study hour and after light bell? Is it that we won't or that we can't—haven't strength enough—to behave properly? When we come to the place that we *can* and *will* abide by rules without being watched, then we will have student government, and not before.

As all of us know, the Seniors are not going to have an Annual this year, but something much bigger and better—a May Day Fête. And this May Day Fête is something much bigger and better than we imagine. Every girl in the college is to have a part in the affair, so each girl should feel a very personal interest in it. Each one of us should prepare ourselves to play our part as perfectly as possible. To do our best we must forget self and throw our whole beings into the thing. But before we can do this we must know what all this is about. The study of the May Day Fête—what constitutes it, how and when it was used—who played in it, and all the general conditions—is more broadening than we think, and even more pleasant than we imagine. It is really one big play made up of stories and romances and songs. It is hoped that each one of us will get more knowledge and general culture than any course of study could give us—and it is all play-work. Let's begin now, girls. Talk it up and get enthusiastic. When we get books from the library to read, let's get stories of Elizabethan times, or anything that might help us to get a better idea of the England of the May Day Fête. Miss Petty will be glad to help us find things, and if anybody else makes a find, please, yes indeed, tell us and let us enjoy it too.



Points of View

Conversation

Iola Bledsoe, '15, Cornelian

A girl rushed up to where another one was quietly studying, exclaiming after this manner: "Well, I surely am tired. I just know there is no one who has so much work as I, and I simply haven't time to do it all. My math. is awful, and with chemistry, English, and all the rest, I don't see how I can ever get through." She talked on for about a period, and then went to the postoffice and stayed until the mail was put up. Later I saw her, still talking, on the library steps. The last time I saw her, she was still bewailing the length of her lessons and the shortness of the time.

Wastefulness in Our College

Adelphian

There is, perhaps, no habit which we as a body of students are more guilty of than that of wastefulness. Every one of us knows that this is a very undesirable habit, which we should try to avoid. We all know that we are in no way restricted in the comforts that the college affords. We indulge particularly in the use of lights, water and heat. The fact that we are not restricted should make us want to save. I do not believe a girl in school would intentionally be guilty of wasting the substance here, but thoughtlessness on the part of so many results in a serious loss to the college. The appeal has recently come to us to be economical this year. If we will be careful to turn off our lights when we leave our rooms, cut off the heat when we raise the windows, and not use an extra amount of water, we can save lots. Now let each one of us try to make this year most thoughtful in respect to these things.

The Dining Room

Verta Louise Idol, '13, Cornelian

Among the changes made at the college this fall the one which is of the most vital importance to the students is the arrangement in the

dining-room. There are some strong points in favor of this arrangement and there are also many things against it. It is true that the order in the dining-room is very much better this year than it has been in the past. This is very probably due to the present arrangement of the seats at the tables.

From the students' standpoint, however, there are some objections to this arrangement. Among any body of people there are always some who are more congenial than others, and these very naturally enjoy being together. When is there a better time for these friends to mingle together than at meal-time? It is true that this is a democratic college, but even in democracy can be found close friends. There are only two periods during the day when friends can be together; they are meal-time and walking period. If the privilege of being together at meals is taken away, only walking period is left. There is the girl who takes part in athletics, who must spend the time of walking period in practice. She is left no time to be with and talk with her friends unless she takes some period which she should devote to her work. It is certainly more evident this year than heretofore that during the walking period certain groups of girls remain together. This is very probably caused by the fact that these friends cannot be together at meal-time.

Shall We Have an Extra Hour on Saturday Night?

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelporian

The Students' Council is now considering the question, "Shall we ask the Faculty Council for one hour longer on Saturday night?" Many of the girls seem to want this extra hour, but I do not believe it is best for us to have it. In the first place, if we use our time during the week diligently and methodically we do not need an extra hour. Again, we simply cannot afford to sacrifice our needed rest and sleep, consequently health, for the sake of work. The girls who carry the average amount of work here need the normal amount of rest, and those who do not carry the average amount of work do not need an extra hour for study. Then let us consider some of the evil results which would likely follow an extra hour on Saturday night. There is a tendency among the students to be late for breakfast on Saturday morning—we have an extra hour on Friday night—and since this holds true of Saturday morning it would certainly prove true of Sunday. A larger number of girls would stay home from church to make up for lost rest; the health of the majority of those who do not stay home from church on Sundays to rest would be broken; and on Mondays the whole crowd would go to recitations drowsy and worn out, unable to think clearly. It seems to me that no girl, after carefully considering the matter from the standpoint of health, would ever ask for an extra hour for work on Saturday night.



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelprian

One of the most interesting events of the college year took place on the twenty-first of October, when the Adelprian Society held its nineteenth annual initiation. After the initiation ceremonies, which were secret, the Adelprians, new and old, together with the faculty and guests, went to the dining hall of Spencer Building where the annual banquet was served. The plans for this were borrowed from the Greeks in order that all might be in harmony with the Greek name Adelpria. The tables, which were arranged in diamond shape, the form of the Adelprian pin, enclosed a Greek temple. After the banquet, a chorus of Greek maidens danced in the temple to the music of a Greek song. At the end of this Miss Marianna Justice did a beautiful solo dance. The waitresses were also in Grecian costume. The menu, consisting of three courses, was written in Greek on diamond shaped cards. At intervals during the banquet toasts were given, Leah Boddie being toastmistress. The toasts were as follows:

To the New Girls	Ivor Aycock
Response	Mary Sharpe
To the Cornelian Society	Meriel Groves
Response	Lucille Elliot
To the Alumnae	Mildred Harrington
Response	Minnie Littman
To the Faculty	Margaret Wilson
Response	Miss Mendenhall
To Dr. Foust	Florence Hildebrand
To Honorary Members	Jamie Bryan
Response	Miss Bryner
To the Adelprians	Amy Joseph
Response	Adelprian Society (in Song)
To the Future	Ethel Skinner

The first regular meeting of the Adelprian Literary Society after the initiation of new members was held the third of November. The literary program for the evening consisted of a play, "The Twig of Thorn", by Marie J. Warren. The play deals with the superstitions of

the Irish peasantry. A city girl, ignorant of the belief in the faery folk, comes to the country and unknowingly involves herself in the charms of the "little people", or faery children. In her purity she withstands them, but a fit of anger almost undoes her when a great love sacrifices itself in her stead.

Immediately preceding the play, Miss Margaret Cobb read a short introduction.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Nessa Teig, the woman of the house	Sarah Tulbert
Maurya, her neighbor	Carrie Gill
Oonah, Nessa's granddaughter	Marianna Justice
Ængus Arane, a young peasant	Alice Morrison
Aileel, a wandering poet	Ivor Aycock
Father Brian, the priest	Esther Yelverton
A Faery Child	Emma Wilson
Finula	Mary Porter
Kathleen	Kathleen Irwin
Sheila	Nannie Brown
Sheamus	Frances Summerell
Martin	Alfreda Pittard
Tamaus	May Gay

With the Cornelians

Mary K. Brown, '12, Cornelian

The annual initiation of new members into the Cornelian Literary Society and its attendant festivities took place Friday night, October 20th, 1911. One hundred and seven new members were added to the society roll, making a total membership of about 2,500.

Following the initiation exercises a banquet complimentary to the new members was given in the dining hall of Spencer Building. The color scheme used was green and gold—suggestive of the autumn season. The hall was lighted with yellow-shaded lights and decorated with blooming plants and ropes of cedar. The decoration arrangement was typical of the Cornelian pin. The tables, decorated with bowls of yellow asters and dahlias, were arranged in the shape of the society pin—a triangle—and enclosed a smaller triangle formed of three pillars covered with vines and golden-rod and banked with palms. Within this smaller triangle the orchestra was seated, and under the direction of Professor Brockmann furnished music throughout the evening. About 400 guests, including members of the college faculty, distinguished guests of the society, visitors at the college, Adelpian and Cornelian alumnae, and the members of the Society, were present at the banquet.

The menu was as follows:

	Chicken in Jelly with Mayonnaise	
Pimento Sandwiches		Cheese Straws
	Olives	
	Orange Ice	
Coffee		Mints

Miss Mary K. Brown presided with grace and dignity as toastmistress and greeted the guests of the evening with appropriate words of welcome.

The toast, "To the New Members", was presented by Miss Clyde Fields and responded to by Miss Mary Worth.

Miss Verta Idol toasted the visitors, "Whose presence lends distinction to any occasion." Dr. Mann responded to this toast.

The Adelpian Literary Society, "Whose only fault is that she has no fault," was toasted by Miss Gretchen Taylor. Miss Leah Boddie responded.

Miss Sadie Rice offered a toast to the faculty "that forms our judgments". The response was made by Miss McAllester.

Miss Kate Styron gave a toast to our old girls, "for I love everything that's old—old books, old times, old friends." Miss Jane Summerell responded.

"The Press" was toasted by Miss Lizzie Roddick, and the response was made by Mr. R. M. Phillips of the Daily News.

The last toast was presented by Miss Eleanor Morgan to "Our College—scene of failures and triumphs, sorrows and joys, the inspiration of our ideals." Miss Coit responded.



Among Ourselves

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

The celebration of Founder's Day occurred on October 5th. The speaker of the day, Mr. Clarence H. Poe, editor of the *Progressive Farmer and Gazette*, paid tribute to the memory of the founder of the college, Dr. Charles D. McIver, and urged that the work begun by him be taken up and carried on by the students of the college. After the address, President Foust read telegrams of greeting from former students.

On the night of the 5th, a series of talks by representatives from the twenty classes graduated from the college commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the college.

On the night of October 13th, the Sophomores gave a "tacky party", which every one attended in fitting costume. The program consisted of dances and songs by members of the Sophomore Class, and the evening closed with a grand parade and the awarding of prizes to the "tackiest".

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, celebrating their golden jubilee in this city, gave a luncheon in our dining hall on October 14. A number of the faculty and the Senior Class attended this luncheon.

Recently we have enjoyed the unusual privilege of a visit from Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the great novelist. Mr. Dickens lectured on October 19th, on "My Father and His Works". He gave us an intimate picture of his father, with many personal anecdotes which made possible a new interpretation of Charles Dickens, seen in his prosperous days. The whole lecture was given peculiar interest and impressiveness by the personality of Mr. Dickens himself.



Exchanges

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelpian

Welcome and hearty greetings to all our exchanges! The State Normal Magazine is glad to see you all—old friends and new. We agree with the Davidson College Magazine that distance gives a good perspective, and we would add, by way of encouragement, that it sometimes “lends enchantment to the view”. We expect to “talk right out in meetin’,” as the colored brethren say, and here’s hoping that you will help us “to see ourselves as others see us.”

Prominent among our old friends we find the Wake Forest Student which is, as usual, rich in good essays. The article on “The Influence of the Panama Canal” is especially timely and well-written. All of our magazines should encourage such papers as “The Call of Public Health”. The Student needs some good strong stories. “The Mystery of the Mona Lisa” is a rather smoothly told tale; the other stories, so it seems to us, would feel more at home in a high school magazine than in the Student. “Simple Confessions” is a clever bit of verse.

We expect great things of the Davidson College Magazine this year. The editorials are to the point and show that the editors “mean business”. “A Scholar in Politics” is an excellent article of general interest.

The first number of the Red and White is the best we have ever seen. “Darius Green, Detective” is a pretty good story. We would suggest to the author, however, that college presidents do not, as a usual thing, distribute one hundred dollar bills among aspiring amateur detectives with such a lavish hand.

The first issue of the Western Maryland College Monthly is rather thin. We shall look for quantity as well as quality next month.

The Trinity Archive seems to us exceptionally well balanced. “The Rover” is the daintiest bit of verse we have seen this month.

The Palmetto comes to us with a handsome new frontispiece. Progress coupled with originality is always welcome.

We congratulate the Messenger on getting out in time to make its appearance with the college magazines.

We are glad to find a new exchange on the desk, the magazine from the college at Greenville, S. C., a very well ordered publication.



In Lighter Vein

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

A. M. to A. B.: "What are you doing up so early?"

A. B.: "Watching for the new comical star."

R. G.: "What kind of fruit did you have at your table?"

M. T.: "Muscovite grapes."

Not long ago two girls met in the park. The one was seated on a tree stump writing. The girl who was walking asked, "What are you doing?" "Writing an editorial on the proper observance of walking period," was the answer.

In an editorial on the Fifteen Minute Period, one student expressed her sentiments thus: "Then it is, that the girls meet and kiss each other goodnight, a practice at once disgusting and unsanitary."

In the dining hall:

"Corn-bread born
And corn-bread bred,
And when I die
I'll be corn-bread dead."

Teacher: "Now, children, what did I tell you a northwester was?"

Small boy: "A cowboy, ma'am."

First new girl: "Don't the marshals look lovely?"

Second new girl: "Yes; in their brigades."

In mathematics: "What is the longest distance you have to walk here?"

Junior composition student: "From Miss B.'s door to her desk at interview period."

Training school teacher reading "Through the Looking Glass": "The king asked whether Alice was a vegetable, animal, or mineral. What was she, Johnny?—she's just a little girl like Mary."

Johnny, emphatically: "A mineral!"

FROM CLASS MEETING IN STUDY HALL

"Miss President, I move that a motion be put under the table for two weeks that the by-laws of the Freshmen be *a-patched* to the effect that one girl can not possess but one office at one time."

"Miss President, I move the second that the by-laws be mended."

SOPHOMORE LATIN

Miss B.: "Who is considered an infant?"

F. S. M.: "Any one under 21 years of age."

Miss B.: "Who do you think an infant is, Miss C.?"

L. C.: "Any one is an infant until they are allowed to have a voice in law."

Miss B.: "Then judging from that, a woman is an infant all her life."

A Freshman, in speaking of her vocal music lesson, said that Mr. Hill had her to monogram the lesson.

Miss D. to training school child: "Will some one make a sentence using the word 'induce'?"

Training school child: "I induce Miss D. to Miss I."

May: "Nancy, where will I go to buy a drugget?"

Nancy: "To the drug store, of course."

The Tacky Party

We've seen a number of funny things
And laughed both loud and hearty,
But the funniest thing of recent date
Was the Sophomore's tacky party.

Each girl was dressed in garments loud,
And, with expressions far from tarty,
We all came out to join the fun
At the Sophomore's tacky party. .

Now long may Kelly use perfume
And Elliott pose as "smarty",
O yes, we think it crowns events,
The Sophomore's tacky party.

Elizabeth M. Camp, Cornelian.

Cats!

Cats, cats, everywhere,
And all the girls do shriek;
Cats, cats, everywhere,
Nor one of them fat or sleek.

Cats in the dining hall,
Cats on the stairs;
Cats lurking in the chapel,
Cats in all the chairs.

Cats sleeping on the rugs,
And underneath the beds;
Cats in every corner,
Nodding drowsy heads.

Thin cats, gray cats,
White and spotted too;
Black cats, yellow cats,
Cats of every hue:

Long cats, short cats,
Cats of every size;
Young cats, old cats,
Silly cats and wise:

Whiskered cats, bald cats,
With waving tails and long;
Hungry cats, and crying cats,
Singing the same old song.

O would some piper free us,
As Hamlin was from rats.
Cats, cats, everywhere,
We're overrun with cats!

M. A. T., '13, Adelpgian.

E. C. B., '13, Cornelian.

Impressions

A street car passed swiftly by the Normal,
Some girls stared in a way most informal,
And one of them cried, "O, girls, come and look!
You can get an impression for your book!"

A stranger in the car gazed with wonder,
"Could you tell me," said he, "what's that yonder?
Are they crazy that they so wildly stare?
I thought that was the S. N. C. there."

Now the moral is quite easy to see:
 When searching for impressions you should be
 Extremely careful, lest *you* should then give
 A false impression, hard to outlive.

Margaret Berry, '12, Adelpkian.

Hallowe'en

The thirty-first of October
 Came 'round quite sad and blue,
 At last our hard day's work was o'er,
 And all our miseries, too.

But walking down the dining room,
 Much to our great surprise,
 We saw a big brown ginger man
 Which made us ope our eyes.

And, too, some apples, doughnuts,
 And chestnuts brown were there,
 Which made our Hallowe'en
 Seem like some "swell affair".

In midst of this pleasant surprise
 The lights blinked quickly out,
 And then one other thing came 'round
 Which made the girls all shout.

For creeping down the great long aisle,
 With big eyes all aglow,
 The pumpkin spirit did nod his head
 First sideways, to and fro.

Now who could think of such a thing,
 To give us so much fun?
 Why, the "spirit of our dining room,"
 Who's known to every one.

S. C. K., M. H. G., Adelpkian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Kate R. Styron, Craven County

Adelphian

Jamie Bryan Pitt County
 Margaret Wilson, Mecklenburg County
 Ethel McNairy Guilford County
 Florence Hildebrand .. Burke County
 Mary Tennent Buncombe County

Cornelian

Hattie Howell Edgecombe County
 Mary K. Brown Stanly County
 Clyde Fields Alleghany County
 Gretchen Taylor Guilford County
 Verta Idol Guilford County

Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

Students' Council

Kate R. Styron President Meriel Groves Vice-President
 Pattie Groves Secretary

Senior Class

Leah Boddie President Emma Vickery Secretary
 Katie Smith Vice-President Annie Cherry Treasurer

Junior Class

Lura Brogden President Ione Grogan Secretary
 Hattie Motzno Vice-President Katherine Robinson Treasurer

Sophomore Class

Maud Bunn President Louise Bell Secretary
 Ruth Hampton Vice-President Ruth Johnston Treasurer

Freshman Class

Jessie Gainey President Maizie Kirkpatrick Secretary
 Louise Goodwin Vice-President Margaret Sparger Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Pattie Spruill President Grace Stanford Secretary
 Catharine Vernon Vice-President Pattie Spurgeon Treasurer

Athletic Association

Alice Morrison President Nina Garner V-Pres., Sophomore
 Dora Coats V-Pres., Senior Jessie Gainey Treasurer
 Margaret Mann Critic